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A PUZZLE.

Old Nathan was out in the garden
One beautiful flower-sweet day,
When Dorothy, golden-haired maiden,
Came pensively wand'ring that way.
"And isn't this very fine weather?
I never saw finer," said he.
But she made reply, "Why, I think it
As cheerless a morn as could be."
"As cheerless!" repeated old Nathan,
Half in doubt if he'd heard her aright.
Then he muttered, "She's daft," for he knew not
She had quarreled with Robert last night.

The day was departing; its sunshine
Had vanished; the wind whistled shrill;
The birds hurried home to their nestlings,
And the air grew quite heavy and chill.
The gardener hastened to shelter
His tender young plants, when again
Dolly passed him—this time with light footsteps—
And she called in the merriest strain,
"Oh, isn't the weather just lovely?"
While her face fairly shone through the mist.
"She's daft," said old Nathan. He knew not
The lovers had met and had kissed.
—Margaret Eytinge in Harper's Bazar.

CHEAP CIGARS AND CIGARETTES.

Are They Made from Discarded Cigar Ends?—A Dealer Talks.

The gathering of cigar stubs gives employment to a large number of Italian women and children. As a reporter wended his way homeward early one morning recently, he saw an Italian lad with a bag strapped upon his shoulders walking in the gutters of the streets in the vicinity of the city hall. The boy was collecting burned cigar ends. At dawn the public thoroughfares are thronged with industrious little laborers, who before the sun rises clean the streets of all discarded cigar stubs. Until an inquiry was made at a local cigar store the reporter was at a loss to know what became of the cigar stubs gathered. The dealer in tobacco said:

"You would be surprised to know the amount of money Italians make by gathering cigar stubs. I do not think I put the figures high when I state that no less than 50,000 cigars are smoked in Brooklyn daily. The number consumed may be more or less, but nevertheless the fact remains that nine out of ten men smoke. During the day a larger part of the smoking is done out of doors, and the stubs of the cigars, when wholly or partly consumed, are thrown into the gutter. In the vicinity of the city hall, where large crowds of men gather at all times during the day, the number of cigar stubs found is scarcely credible.

"The cigar stubs are utilized in many ways. After being gathered the butts, by which name cigar ends are sometimes known, are sorted and graded, and the dark and light shades of tobacco placed in separate heaps. The tobacco in the stubs is then pulled out and thoroughly washed. The washing process is done to eradicate all ashes and burned tobacco. After the tobacco has been dried and graded again it is ready for sale. Cigar stubs are sometimes made up into a cheap quality of five-cent cigars, or oftener sold to cigarette manufacturers, who mix the stubs with other tobacco."—Brooklyn Eagle.

The New Generation in Virginia.

A great deal of nonsense has been written about these "first families." They are usually represented as thriftless, vain and scornful to all outside the magic circle of their society. They lack, it is true, much of the goahead-itiveness of the northern man, but it must be remembered that most of those yet living were brought up under conditions that paralyzes energy. With large estates and hundreds of slaves they had no motive for exertion, and now that the war has swept away all their wealth they must change their very natures before they can become the pushing business men who build up communities. The new generation is growing up quite different, and it is more than likely that when they come to the fore the Virginia farmer will no longer let his acres lie useless or half cultivated. The fact is that the landholders in Stafford county are yet in a dazed state over the result of the war. They can hardly realize the change, or if they have they think it is too late in life to start out afresh.—Virginia Cor. Philadelphia Times.

Disappointment of Secretary Chase.

Speaking of Secretary Chase reminds me of a singular incident. One day, while a clerk in his department, I was in his room on some errand and found him laboring under strong excitement. He was talking with his bosom friend, Senator S. C. Pomeroy, of Kansas, about the coming Republican convention of 1868 and the certainty of Lincoln's renomination. "And it will be too late!" he exclaimed bitterly, "for the war will be over and some soldier will be elected, sure! The soldiers are to have the honors of the next ten years. I ought to have been a soldier, Pomeroy! I felt it in my veins always, and I wanted to be a soldier—wanted to go to West Point, but they made me a lawyer, and here I am—unavailable!" I tried to back out when I saw that he was in an unusual mood, but the senator at once took his leave. I asked Mr. Pomeroy recently about this strange interview. "Yes," he said, "Mr. Chase was a great man. He overtopped his fellows, and he knew it. I saw him in that bitter frame of mind more than once."—Washington Post.

Profitable Use Found for Seaweed.

An English chemist has found a way for turning to account the practically illimitable quantity of seaweed that the ocean supplies, or at least as much of it as may be desired. He boils the weed with carbonate of soda and treats the filtered solution with sulphuric acid, obtaining from it in this manner a substance that has more viscosity than starch, or even gum arabic, and that can be profitably employed in stiffening various textile fabrics. It is also said to be excellently adapted for the making of syrups and for certain culinary uses. From the cellular and fibrous matter left after the extraction of the material—to which he has given the name of "alguina"—a very good quality of writing paper can be cheaply made.—New York Sun.

Some Novelties in Postage Stamps.

Among the issues of postage stamps by foreign countries there is none more curious within recent years than the new issue of Madagascar—3¼ inches by 2½ inches—and none that will be more eagerly sought after by collectors. There are eight in all, ranging in value from 1d to 2s. They are issued in England, for letters mailed at the British consulate in Antananarivo, and gummed only in the corner. The letters are sent to Mauritius, where the Malagassy stamp is removed and kept for a voucher and the Mauritius stamp substituted.—Boston Transcript.

Some men are not educated to lend luster to any good thing, and there are many of them who achieve their great ambition when they get to be a nuisance.—Jud. Lafagan.

A COLOSSAL LOG JAM.

THE WORK OF BREAKING IT UP WATCHED BY THOUSANDS.

Operations of Lumbermen at Taylor's Falls, Minn.—Many Feats of Skill, Activity and Daring—Billy the Kid. The Whole Jam Moving.

The Dalles of the St. Croix, as the rocky gorge is called through which plunge the fall and rapids of the river, are a marvel of scenery worth a long journey at any time, but just at present, for a space of three miles, not a particle of water is visible, nothing but a vast chaos of logs jammed in between the rocky jaws of the gorge and representing 150,000,000 feet of lumber. Huge trunks of trees, 50 to 70 feet long, they lie heaped in every kind of indescribable position, some bolt upright like piles, some at angles of 45 degrees, some headed down stream and others straight across it. Meanwhile, the whole force of the falls and rapids of a great river has to work its way through and under the enormous mass. Of course, the problem is how to dislodge this tremendous block, so that the logs can float down to the Mississippi, and the whole work has to be done at the lower end.

As the visitor camps down on the rocks overhanging the river to watch the sight he feels for all the world like a spectator in an old Roman amphitheatre about to witness a fight between men and the ugliest specimens of the brute creation. Indeed, the choice between grizzly bears, lions and tigers, and the terrible forces of such huge tree trunks with the pressure of an avalanche behind them, and rapids that can make them individually leap and spin like so many howling dervishes, is not one worth drawing lots for. The combatants are taken in at a glance as a hundred or more men, strong as lions and spry as cats, clothed most of them from head to foot in bright red flannel, and armed each with a long pole, shod with a steel spike and a hinged semi-circular lever, for clamping round the logs and rolling them over. Three hundred yards below the jam lies a powerful steamboat, with a capstan capable of exerting a pull of 200 horse power, and around which is wound a hawser, the end of which is carried on to the jam, and attached to what are called the key stone logs, that is, the logs that evince the most obstinate, dogged and absolutely rebellious temper.

BEGINNING OF THE TUG OF WAR.

And now the tug of war begins. The capstan slowly revolves, the hawser lifts from the river, fine jets of water spinning from it under the fierce tension. The upright tree trunks writhe and groan and twist, their anarchical bark-clothes torn off under the irresistible police grip in which they are held, till they are left all white and naked, and at last slowly, sullenly, and with groans and curses of despair, a detachment of perhaps 800 logs is torn away from the main body. And now the fun comes. Nimble as so many cats, the red-shirted, red-trousered lumbermen leap on it to break it up. Here a dozen are shouldering away with their levers to roll off a huge trunk at the top, here they are pushing down under water to head the right way a cross-binding log. As the units of the mass get more and more dislodged, huge boles of trees shoot up from underneath, and fairly leap like enormous fish out of the water. Everything is now spinning and plunging, and an unlettered layman would as lief attempt a promenade down hill on the sides of so many rolling barrels, as essay the feats these agile fellows are easily up to.

Down below stands ready and manned a rowboat for the rescue of any who should fall into the rapids. But the thing is not to fall in, for the risk of drowning is as nothing to the risk of being caught and ground up between the logs. Only once did we see a man tumble off, but while women shrieked and his mates tore round to a point of the ledge where they could drag him out, the brave fellow himself seemed to take it as a simple little incident of the profession. Every other time there were logs enough left between the torn off and captured detachment and the main army to enable the men to leap back from point to point. Billy the Kid, as the universal voice had christened one lithe, graceful, yet powerful young fellow, was always in the lead. He wore a white rose in his hat. Leaping like a deer from log to log he was always at the point where effective work was to be done, and so great was the glow of admiration he awakened in every onlooking feminine breast that he would only have had to leap dripping ashore and fling himself, a soused Leander, at the feet of any Hero of them all to have borne her off as his forever.

THE FASCINATION OF THE SCENE.

Very curious is it to observe how, whenever a chance is given for seeing splendidly developed human bodies in vigorous action, a perfect fascination sets in for watching the sight. There was one old lady, of a singularly bright and intelligent face, sitting on the rocks, who said she could not tear herself away from it, that she sat there all day long and day after day. On my cravenly and materially saying to her that I must really go up to the hotel to get something to eat, she broke out in the most reproachful tone, "Oh, let your dinner go; the men may any minute start a quarter of a mile of the jam, and then it will be the greatest sight in the world. I've ordered my dinner to be brought out to me on the rocks." Such enthusiasm was truly admirable.

Contagious as was her example, I must, still in contrition, confess that I did go up to the hotel—some five minutes away—and had just sat down to a bowl of soup, some beef and canned corn, when a cry was raised: "The whole jam is moving!" Billy the Kid himself would have been put to it to make better time than I for the river ledge. What a sight it was! For fully a quarter of a mile in length and 600 or 700 feet in breadth, the vast press and throng of the mob of giants were in furious motion. I could think of nothing but a countless herd of frantic buffaloes leaping over one another and trampling one another under foot, the irresistible avalanche of motion and terror from behind sweeping before it everything to the front. Indeed, the tremendous jam, thirty to fifty feet in depth, was working perpendicularly up and down as well as forward along all its line. Whenever a temporary opening was made, enormous trunks that had been submerged deep down would leap out into the air and on to the backs of the others with precisely the motion so often witnessed in herds of cattle. Meanwhile the wrenching, straining and groaning was such that it seemed as though the whole mass must be ground up into pulp for the paper mills. For perhaps fifteen minutes this striking scene lasted, when finally the vast body of logs became consolidated again in another jam a quarter of a mile farther down the gorge, at the extreme end of which the same process must be begun over again.—Minnesota Cor. Boston Herald.